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SOPHIE ARNOULD.

By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

(Continued from page 548.)

"What a lucky thing for you" replied the Abbé Arnaud, one of the few literary men who took part with Gluck, "if you could get new ones."

Sophie Arnould, one of the wittiest women who ever lived, contributed her share of sharp things to the collection since made of *mots* relating to the Gluck and Piccinni controversy. Avoiding, however, the æsthetic question, she confined herself to attacking her rival Mademoiselle Laguerre. On one occasion when Mademoiselle Laguerre was playing the part of the heroine in Piccinni's *Iphigenia in Tauris* (the competing composers had worked on the same libretto), Sophie Arnould sitting in the audience department, saw the daughter of Agamemnon reeling about the stage in the most unbecoming manner.

"Ah!" said Sophie, "this is not *Iphigenia in Tauris*; this is *Iphigenia in Champagne*."

Madeline Guimard the chief ballerina at the Opera, where Sophie Arnould held the post of principal singer, was as thin as Sarah Bernhardt in the present day is said to be. Sophie Arnould called her "*La squelette des Grâces*"; and one evening when, in a *pas de trois*, she was playing the part of a nymph between two Fauns, Sophie said the two male dancers, Vestris and Dorbeaul, contending for the possession of so meagre a prize, reminded her of two dogs fighting for a bone.

One of Madeleine Guimard's warmest admirers was Monseigneur de Jarente, titular bishop of Orleans, who held "*la feuille des bénéfices*," and frequently disposed of them in accordance with the suggestions of his young friend. "Ce petit ver à soie," said Sophie, "devrait être plus gras. Elle mange une si bonne feuille."

Of a singer whose voice was marked by vulgarity and who, naturally enough, met with no success, she said, "Elle a cependant la voix du peuple."

To another who was very pretty, but unable to speak her own language, and who complained that she was overwhelmed by the number of her admirers, she observed: "It would be so easy to get rid of them. You have only to speak."

Meeting, one day in the country, a doctor who was carrying a gun, and who was about to visit a patient: "And are you really afraid," she said, looking at the fowling-piece, "that the poor man will escape you?"

She showed herself a match even for that master of wit and satire, Beaumarchais. The author of the *Marriage of Figaro* had just brought out at the Théâtre Français a very dull piece called *Les deux amis*; and he was telling Sophie Arnould that he was afraid that night there would be no people at the Opera. "Vos deux amis nous en enverront," she replied.

Seeing the portraits of Sully and Choiseul on the same snuff-box (though why they should have been thus placed together it is difficult to understand), she said in reference to the wise economy of the one, the extravagance of the other: "C'est la recette et la dépense."

Mademoiselle Laguerre, by the way, was to Sophie Arnould much what Henry IV.'s famous minister was to the spendthrift Choiseul. The former realized an immense fortune; the latter found herself in her old age nearly destitute.

Without being constant, Sophie Arnould seems to have been faithful; and it was not her fault if the most assiduous of her admirers after an intimacy of four years broke off all connection with her. Strictly speaking he was quite right in doing so; for, apart from other considerations, he was a married man. But it was in no virtuous fit that the Count de Lauragais separated from Sophie. He had found a new passion; and this

becoming known to Mademoiselle Arnould she would have nothing more to say to him. More than that, she sent to the Countess de Lauragais everything she had received from the count: laces, ornaments of various kinds, boxes of jewellery, a carriage, and two children. Not to be outdone in generosity by the actress, the countess, with as much kindness as good taste, kept the two children, but returned the carriage, the jewellery, the ornaments, and the lace.

It matters little why the Count de Lauragais quarrelled with Sophie. All that can be recorded in his favour is that he paid a large sum of money to the Opera in order to obtain the abolition of the seats on the stage. Previously the *habitués* of the theatre had been in the habit of crowding the stage to such an extent that an actor was sometimes obliged to request the public to open a way for him before he could make an entry. In his relations with Sophie Arnould the count seems to have been furiously, madly jealous; and this jealousy was doubtless one of the determining causes of her separating from him. He is said, however, to have formed an attachment, about the time of the separation, for a very pretty débutante in the ballet department. Questioned by Sophie Arnould as to what progress he was making in his suit, he admitted that he was not getting on; and he added that whenever he called upon the young woman he found a certain Knight of Malta in her rooms. "Il est là pour chasser les infidèles," said Sophie.

Due allowance being made for the circumstances in which she was placed, it can scarcely be said that the witty, genial, kind-hearted Sophie Arnould was vicious: and of the numerous writers whom she has interested, none accuse her of having given the Count de Lauragais any cause for his jealous fits. She appears to have been naturally of a romantic disposition; and it has been justly said that a tendency to romance though it may mislead a girl, yet does not deprave her. During her last illness, in narrating to her confessor the unedifying story of her life, she had to speak of the terrible jealousy of the Count de Lauragais, whom in spite of everything she had really loved.

"My poor child, how much you must have suffered!" said the benevolent priest. "Ah! c'était le bon temps! j'étais si malheureuse," replied Sophie.

It is difficult to think of Sophie Arnould without calling to mind her associate during so many years, Madeleine Guimard, whose walls, in her magnificent luxuriously furnished hotel, were painted by Fragonard and by Louis David; whose foot was moulded by Houdin, the famous sculptor; and for whose arm, when a "too, too solid" cloud, falling from the theatrical heaven, had unhappily broken it, a mass was said in the church of Notre Dame. Fragonard introducing in most of his mural pictures the face and figure of the local goddess, is said at last not only to have fallen in love with her, which she might have overlooked, but to have given signs of jealousy, which she could not tolerate. It was then that David, afterwards to become celebrated under the Republic, and under the Empire, was called in. The severe classically minded young artist could not find in the decoration of Madeleine Guimard's "Temple of Terpsichore," as she called her home, very congenial work; and perceiving this to be the case, the generous woman gave him the sum he was to have received for covering her walls with fantastic designs, and left him free to continue his studies and do his work elsewhere and according to his own ideas.

For Madeleine Guimard was considerate as well as charitable. This she again showed in her conduct during the severe winter of 1768, when she visited all the houses of the poor in her own neighbourhood, and gave to each destitute family enough to live on for a year. It was then that Marmontel, deeply affected by her generosity and kindness, addressed to her the famous epistle beginning:—

"Est il bien vrai, jeune et belle damnée?" &c. "Not yet Magdalen repentant (her name it will be remembered was Madeleine), but already Magdalen charitable!" exclaimed a preacher in his sermon; for, although Mademoiselle Guimard had herself said nothing about it, the fame of her good deeds had now spread through Paris. "The hand," continued the preacher already referred to, "which knows so well how to give alms will not be rejected by St. Peter when it knocks at the gates of Paradise."

With all her powers of fascination, the "jeune et belle damnée" of Marmontel's verse was not beautiful; and her extreme thinness caused her to be called familiarly among her companions "l'araignée." This recalls Byron's remarks about thin women, who likened them, if ugly to spiders, if pretty to dried butterflies. Madeleine Guimard was certainly not ugly; and, with or without beauty, she exercised upon those around her the effect that beauty exercises. She is said at a comparatively advanced age to have preserved, in a marvellous manner, the appearance of youth; and she possessed such a perfect acquaintance with all the mysteries of the toilet that "by the art of dress and adornment alone she could have made herself look young when she was clearly beginning to grow old." Queen Marie-Antoinette used to consult her about her dress and the arrangement of her hair; and once when, for some act of rebellion at the Opera, she had been ordered to Fort l'Evêque, she is said to have consoled her maid, the companion of her captivity, by saying to her: "Never mind, Gotho, I have written to the Queen to tell her that I have discovered a new style of coiffure. We shall be free before the evening."

M. Arsène Houssaye in his "Galerie du dix-huitième Siècle," tells us that, towards 1780, Madeleine Guimard began to lose her popularity: "Vers 1780 elle tomba peu à peu dans l'oubli." In 1789, the year of the taking of the Bastille, she visited London. At such a time, a Parisian artist might well think it opportune to make a foreign tour; and, as a matter of fact, a number of French dancers came to London, with Madeleine Guimard among them. Lord Mount Edgumbe saw her dance at the King's Theatre ("Her Majesty's" in the present day), and describes her, in his "Musical Reminiscences," as "full of grace and gentility," adding that she "had never possessed more." He also tells us that she was "now sixty years of age," though, as a matter of fact, having been born in 1737, she was only fifty-two. This tendency to exaggerate the age of artists, who have long been before the public, may often be noticed.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

"ANDROMEDA." *

As in the case of Mr. Rockstro's *The Good Shepherd*, we propose to devote a few words of preliminary analysis to the second important choral work to be produced at next week's Gloucester Festival, Messrs. Weatherly and Lloyd's dramatic cantata *Andromeda*. Again we shall strictly refrain from criticism properly so called which would of course be premature before the performance of the work. In our remarks we shall largely draw upon a few "notes upon notes" concerning the music of Mr. Lloyd's cantata, which although printed for "private circulation" are evidently intended to assist the audience in the intelligent appreciation of the composer's design—the very same object with which this article is written. The story of Perseus

and Andromeda has been told and sung and painted almost more frequently than any other classical myth. The "argument" prefixed to the score, and showing the treatment to which that story has been subjected by the poet, may nevertheless be quoted in an abbreviated version:—"A monster which devours the fairest of the children and the flocks of Cepheus. Of the extent of the misery, Cassiopeia, the queen, is in ignorance; and when the action of the cantata commences, she is spinning in the palace with her maidens, absorbed in her love for her child Andromeda. That love has from the first obscured her love for the gods. But the woe of the people at length penetrates to the palace; the priests are consulted. They pray to their special deity Atergati (queen of the fish), and then cast lots to discover who is the guilty cause of the national calamity. The lot falls upon Cassiopeia. Andromeda, whom she loves so well, must die. So in the evening, Andromeda is taken and chained to the cliff, whither at dawn the monster will come to devour his victim. The Sea-maids and the Tritons sing to her of love, and of the deeds he has wrought of old. As if in answer to their song, there comes to Andromeda a voice she has not heard before, and she perceives a beautiful youth hovering close beside her on golden wings. She tells him her piteous story, and he vows to rescue her from the beast. Athene who is mightier than Atergati, had sent him. The monster approaches and Perseus, after attacking him in vain with the sword, turns him to stone by uncovering the Gorgon's head. Again the Sea-maids and Tritons sing their song to Love, for it is Love that has triumphed through the arm of Perseus.

As a specimen of Mr. Weatherly's versification, we may quote a stanza or two from the Song of Seamaids and Tritons:—

"Sing we, sing to the starry skies;
Up from ocean we rise, we rise;
Sing we over the moonlit sea,
Love, a paean to thee, to thee! . . .

Didst thou not pass thro' walls of brass?
Didst thou not walk on the tranced sea!
Nor deep nor height can curb thy might!
Love, come now, there is need of thee!"

Mr. Lloyd prefaces his work by a brief orchestral introduction, in which, however, the four leading themes, used more or less throughout the cantata, are announced. The first of these, betokening the triumph of Love, is accordingly of a triumphant character, and moves along in a succession of B flat and E flat harmonies, with an occasional side-glance at G minor. A transition is then made to another theme of a more impulsive character, which is identified with the character of the hero. Next follows in the bass what may be described as the doom-motive, being identical with the fate pronounced on Andromeda by the priests of Atergati. A succession of uninverted chords of the minor ninth, divided in two groups of three chords each, is associated with the curse which attends guilt in a more general sense. The *tempo* then changes from *maestoso* to *allegretto*, and the rhythm from common-time to six-eight; a rolling accompaniment of triplets at the same moment begins and reveals to the initiated the imminence of a spinning-wheel. The spinning-wheel, is not generally supposed to have been a classical implement, but Mr. Weatherly, differing from the generality of scholars, makes the maidens of Queen Cassiopeia sing, "Turn on, my wheel," and the composer follows suit in the manner already alluded to. The result is a female chorus in three parts, soon afterwards relieved by a full chorus, tenors and basses joining in, with "Woe, woe for the terrible day." This ends No. 1. Next follows a song for contralto, in which the ill-fated queen recalls the memories of her early motherhood and dotes on the beauty of her baby-daughter, now grown up into a fair maiden. The spinning-wheel motive is once more introduced by way of incident, and finally the people interrupt the musings of their queen with their repeated cries of "Woe! woe!" A change of scene is indicated by the march, which no well-regulated cantata should be without, and which in this case accompanies the queen, priests, and people upon their way to the temple of Atergati. This in its turn leads to a religious chorus, "Hear us, O goddess," in the key of D minor, and interrupted off and on by strains of the preceding march by way of interludes. In No. 7, a solo for the priest, alternating with exclamations for the people, the inverted chords of the minor ninth

* *Andromeda*: a dramatic cantata for solo voices, chorus and orchestra. The libretto written by Frederick E. Weatherly, the music composed and dedicated to his friend C. Lee Williams, by Charles Harford Lloyd. (Novello & Co.)

already referred to are a conspicuous feature. Next comes a duet between the high priest and the queen, the former demanding the sacrifice of Andromeda, to which the mother demurs in passionate accents. But her remonstrance is in vain. "Take her hence by night, when the moon is low," sing the priests, and the maiden's doom is sealed. This chant of the priests, it may be incidentally mentioned, is written in the Dorian mode. No. 10 is another duet, this time between soprano and contralto, and indicative of the leaving of mother and daughter. A descriptive chorus, "Slowly over the deep we go," may be assumed to be sung by the boatmen who row Andromeda to the rock, and are moved by the fate of the innocent maiden in spite of themselves. Andromeda, left to herself, naturally soliloquizes, appealing to the sea, the winds, the night, for comfort in her sufferings, and singing what the French would call *couplets* to a suave melody in *andante sostenuto* measure, before she enters upon a more elaborate *scena*. Attracted by her voice, the dwellers of the sea surround her and sing the verses already quoted. The Perseus motive in the orchestra then announces the advent of the hero, who, after the manner of tenors, immediately begins to make love to the heroine, whom he addresses as the "maiden of the snow-white brow," proposing to kiss her "chained feet." Needless to add that a love-duet ensues, and that a unison passage for the two voices singing *stentato* is its climax. The fight itself is treated in a very cursory manner; and a largely-developed *ensemble*, chiefly founded upon the Triumph and the Perseus motives brings the work to a close.

FÉLICIEN DAVID AND ST. SIMONISM.

(Continued from page 551.)

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He wedded his music to everything, even to the eloquent sermons of M. Émile Barrault addressed to the public from the hillock where their temple stood. These sermons were alternated with choruses, and also with preludes which the indefatigable choirmaster of this new religion played on his instrument. These musical interpolations dividing the points of a discourse were not without precedent; Haydn composed his *Seven Words* for a similar purpose. This may not then have been known by the community who were far from seeking models in any branch of their activity, and who trusted to inspiration and the suggestions of circumstances.

On one occasion the Father absented himself for six days in order that he might accustom the brotherhood to pursue their way without him, if needful. Upon his return to Ménilmontant, a joyous though solemn chorus received him, singing "Hail to our Father and Glory to God!" The chorus had been composed by Félicien David, M. Tajan-Rogé had superintended its rehearsal, and the choir had learnt it in the six days to prepare a surprise for the Father.

While the St. Simonians were engaged in singing a welcome to their head in the retreat of Ménilmontant on June 6, 1832, the rolling of thunder, and the distant roar of the civil warfare provided a ghastly accompaniment. What a contrast between Paris, doubly threatened by the terrors of cholera and revolution, and Ménilmontant, ringing with the happy music of a re-united family!

It would take too long to recount the opportunities which occurred for the nourishment of the composer's genius, and were eagerly seized by him. One more anecdote of this period must suffice.

One evening Félicien David perceived a light in the garden; he approached the spot and reached a group of persons. One of these, standing motionless, held a torch; the second walked while describing large circles around the first (but carried nothing, like the most illustrious amongst the officers at Marlborough's funeral); a third, M. Dugué, the most accomplished waltzer of the community, armed with

a lantern, turned himself in rapid evolutions round him who was describing the large circles in this walk.

What was this pantomime? Merely an astronomical demonstration which M. Lambert was exhibiting and explaining to his pupils. The immovable torchbearer represented the sun, he who moved in circles round him, the earth in its movement round that luminary; and the waltzer bearing a lantern, the moon revolving round the earth.

The professor gave the word of command for the evolutions which should produce sunrise, sunset, the changes of the moon, eclipses, and the order of the seasons. Félicien David gazed and listened, profoundly contemplative.

"How do you like my little astronomical ballet?" asked M. Lambert, putting his hand on David's shoulder.

"I find it incomplete!" replied the composer; "it requires music, which I will supply!"

And he did supply it in an unaccompanied chorus for male voices, followed by a solo which was destined for interpretation by the composer himself, who excelled as a singer. The chorus, called naturally "The Dance of the Stars," consisted of the astronomer's discourse turned into blank verse. Fifteen years later, on the 8th of December, 1844, it worthily occupied a place in the programme when *Le Désert* was heard for the first time.*

Let the flippant find amusement therein; for our own part, we do not laugh, we can heartily admire this original lesson in astronomy, so impressive, so well-adapted to the introduction of scientific ideas in the minds of the young. Why, is not everything taught in this realistic and charming manner? Admirable, also, was that insatiable desire to create which led Félicien David to seek subjects for composition in all things, even in astronomical lessons. From that time forward these were carried on with the help of his music.

The life of contemplation, where the artist, unfettered by the ordinary cares of material life, and loved and appreciated by his colleagues, could for ever find inspiration, was a beautiful dream which a rude shock was soon to dissipate. Félicien David entered Ménilmontant on the 10th of March, 1832, and quitted it in December of the same year, when judicial prosecution was directed against the St. Simonians. After following the progress of their case in the law-courts, he left for Egypt with the pioneers of civilization who were intent upon the cutting through the Isthmus of Suez.

The artist, more fortunate than his fellow-travellers, realized his share of the enterprise long before the latter succeeded in theirs. It was years before vessels could sail from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea; but the barrier which shut out oriental musical aspirations from the western mind was destroyed on the day when the genius of both continents met and clasped hands in brotherly love, in the symphonic ode *Le Désert*.

With their house at Ménilmontant closed, their chiefs condemned to imprisonment, every aim of their doctrines thwarted in France for the time being, the St. Simonians resolved to bid adieu to their country. Many of them proceeded to Egypt; they contemplated restoring its former glory to the land which had been the master nation of ancient culture, by the application of their knowledge to public works of vast importance.

M. Charles Sauvestre describes them thus:—"Theirs was a true apostleship, including martyrdom, such as our civilization admits of. All private money was given over to the community, and, at the command of the Father, the journey was begun with scrip and staff, in the mode of the poorer classes, whom they wished to ennoble; they associated, discoursed with them, and preached by example."

Félicien David left Paris with the party which counted among their number the eloquent M. Émile Barrault. Instead of his forty chorus singers, there were only materials for a vocal quartet, which the musician brought to as great a perfection as was possible during their travels, to such a point as enabled them to give concerts in the principal towns lying on their route.

The *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, by Fétis, says that the proceeds of these concerts were added to the common purse of the St. Simonians. The accuracy of this assertion can only be impugned in a detail of little importance, namely, that these concerts were absolutely gratuitous.

* The choruses composed at Ménilmontant by David were engraved at the time by the order of the St. Simonian community, and each member received one copy.

At Lyons, the travelling apostles were cordially received by their partisans. One of these, M. Chavan, a pianoforte manufacturer, presented Félicien David with an upright piano of five and a half octaves, constructed according to the best known principles to resist the accidents of travel and changes of temperature. This piano was protected by a very ingenious packing-case, and it followed the artist throughout his wanderings, everywhere assuring him comfort and delight. It was the harp of the modern troubadour, but an unwieldy one.

The St. Simonian band took passage at Lyons for Avignon where they arrived one Sunday morning. They did not shrink from traversing, in their peculiar costume, this city whose fanatical populace had gained an unenviable notoriety by their assassination of Marshal Brune. Marching in regular order, firmly and quietly, the little troop crossed the town without changing countenance or faltering in their step, although assailed by coarse threats and a shower of stones (thrown, fortunately, by drunkards who were not capable of directing their aim), and menaced by demons flourishing knives. One slight betrayal of fear, one flurried movement, and these young men would have perished. Their manly courage inspired respect, the very pensioners whom they met greeted them with the military salute. Félicien David came out of this adventure with a slight wound on his finger from a stone.

Things wore a very different aspect for them at Marseilles. Their concert was made the occasion for a ovation. A great banquet was given in their honour, and the vessel *La Clorinde*, which bore them to Constantinople, was escorted to the open sea by boats from which resounded friendly good wishes for a pleasant voyage.

Perhaps this touching scene was not unconnected with the striking genuineness which Félicien David infused into the tableau of the departing crew which closes the first part of *Christopher Columbus*.

Constantinople was reached without accident, and the twelve apostles of a new creed hired a house in the Greek suburb of Beschich-Tasch. On the Friday after their arrival they went to see the procession of the Sultan on his way to the mosque, with his brilliant suite. The magnificent Commander of the Faithful, noticing the singular dress of the St. Simonians, eagerly questioned his favourite, Ahmet Pasha, as to who they might be. The latter tremblingly replied that he did not know.

"How now, dog!" exclaimed His Highness; "strangers in my capital, and thou knowest not who they are nor what they want here?"

It is easy to imagine the hatred which a favourite who falls into disgrace with his high and mighty master would bear towards the persons who were, however innocently, the cause of it. The noble Ahmet Pasha was all the more sensible of this disgrace in that he was at the time enjoying the exclusive favour of the Sultan, whose will had raised him, by one of those freaks of fortune of which the Ottoman Empire offers so many examples, from the condition of a simple boatman to that of a Minister.

To give everyone his due, even though Turkish justice be in question, the Sultan's agitation was warrantable. At that very moment the victorious Egyptian army led by Ibrahim was encamped within an appreciable distance of Constantinople. Under these circumstances, the presence of foreigners in unusual garb was enough to excite the attention, and even the suspicions, of the Sultan, who dreaded from day to day to see the Sublime Porte of the Seraglio carried by Ibrahim's soldiers.

With the air of one who would sacrifice everything to courtesy, Ahmet Pasha, supported by a dragoman and an escort, hastened to pay a friendly visit to the St. Simonians in their little house in the Greek quarter, where the furniture was conspicuous by its absence. Graciously laying aside the symbols of his rank and the etiquette of his nation, he introduced himself without ceremony, squatted upon the nearest mattress, and while taking the lodging in at a glance, exclaimed, in the tone of a *bon camarade*, that he had heard of the illustrious foreigners, to whose circle he had the honour of being admitted, that he knew by reputation of their science and their praiseworthy projects, that he had not allowed a moment to pass before giving himself the great happiness of profitable intercourse with them, that, being distressed to see them housed in a style so little worthy of their dignity, he begged to offer them the

hospitality of his palace from the following day, and that in the meantime he would leave them a guard who were instructed to protect them in case of insult from the populace. Then he took his departure, lavishing upon them protestations of his lively interest, elaborately praising the Polytechnic School—of which several among them were pupils—and waiving their thanks with the most charming good nature.

Our twelve St. Simonians slept in the joyful anticipation of a new dawn.

On the morrow they were awakened by the noise of the butt-ends of guns battering upon their door in good Turkish style. An interpreter delivered the order that they should follow the guard without losing an instant. Upon their arrival at the minister's palace they were told, without any circumlocution, that they were prisoners.

The adventure had a gloomy aspect, which increased to tragic intensity on the entrance into the room, on the basement of the palace which had been turned into a prison, of a man laden with chains, emaciated, gasping for breath, mastered by an overpowering terror, crying in heartbreaking tones: "Save my life, good sirs! Be my witness! They are to cut off my head; but I am innocent, as you well know!"

This was the dragoman whom the St. Simonians had attached to their service since their arrival at Constantinople. The Pasha's police had seized upon the poor wretch and had subjected him to rigorous examination, during which the most fearful threats and not a little cruelty had been showered upon him. Knowing too well the authorities with whom he had to deal, his fright was really quite pardonable. He was released afterwards, without further injury.

Armed with the regulation passports, and confident in their blamelessness, the St. Simonians indignantly protested against the conduct of which they were victims. After a great deal of negotiation they were permitted to apply for the protection of Admiral Roussin, then French ambassador at Constantinople. This protection procured them, if not immediate liberty, at least a limit to their imprisonment, which had lasted four days.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

"A LEGEND OF LOVE AND WAR."

By ARTHUR L. SALMON.

(Words for Music.*)

AH, whither rides the gentle knight,
With shield and lance in rest?
Ah, whither rides the gentle knight,
When sun is in the west?—
The winds are low, the river sings
A song of dying day;
And o'er the golden meadow rings
A maiden's sunset-lay.

She sits within her castle tow'r,
Where rustling ivies meet,
And as he passes, lo!—a flow'r
Has fallen at his feet!
Full low he bends his graceful head,
And doffs his waving crest;
Then gathers up the rosebud red
To place it in his breast.

Alas! He cannot stop nor stay!
Tho' parting with a sigh;
The battle calls him far away,
And he must win or die.
The maiden sings her twilight song
Again at hour of rest;
But he lies on the battle-field,
Her rosebud at his breast!

* Composers desiring to set the above lines should apply to the Author, 112, York Road, Montpellier, Bristol.

Occasional Notes.

In connection with the article on the "Principle of Fatigue in Art," published some time ago, a correspondent writes to us:—"Without taking the article too seriously, I am reminded by its general argument of what Berlioz wrote more than thirty years ago of the *Tannhäuser* overture and the *Tannhäuser* march; not when the opera of *Tannhäuser* was produced at the Académie, but at an earlier date when some selections from it were performed at a Wagner concert, of which the Théâtre des Italiens was the scene. The articles from which I am about to cite are both found in the volume entitled 'À travers Chants,' page 293. As to the overture: 'The method followed by the author in this composition,' wrote Berlioz, 'produces, at least in me, extreme fatigue. It begins with an *andante maestoso*—a sort of chorale, of noble character, which later on, towards the end of the *allegro*, re-appears, accompanied in the upper parts by an obstinate figure for the violins. The theme of this *allegro*, composed of two bars only, is in itself little interesting. The developments to which it serves as pretext bristle, as in the overture to the *Flying Dutchman*, with chromatic passages, modulations, and harmonies of extreme harshness. When at last the chorale re-appears, the theme being slow and of considerable dimensions, the figure for the violins, which is to accompany it until the end, is necessarily repeated with a persistence terrible for the listener. He has already heard it twenty-four times in the *andante*. He hears it in the peroration of the *allegro* one hundred and eighteen times. This obstinate—or rather insatiable—figure appears then altogether one hundred and forty-two times in the overture.' Yet, summing up the character of the work, Berlioz declares that 'force and grandeur are its dominant qualities.' In reference to the march he writes: 'Some of the modulations follow too closely one upon the other. But the orchestra impresses them with such vigour, such authority, that we accept them without resistance.'"

In what promises to be an interesting series of "Lettres du pays de Wagner," contributed by M. Jullien Tiersot to the *Ménestrel*, he states that amongst the foreigners witnessing the Bayreuth performances the majority were Frenchmen, and that the French language resounded everywhere in the theatre, in the lobbies, and in the streets. This only confirms what we have been predicting for a long time, namely, that in a few years Wagner's music will be almost as popular in France as it is in his own country. The great master's quarrel with France was always of the nature of a *querelle d'amour*, and as soon as the voices of a few stupid but noisy Chauvinists have been silenced by unbiassed public opinion, the most dramatic music in the world will be duly appreciated by a nation which has always had a strong feeling for the drama, and looks upon art, if upon anything, as a serious matter.

In connection with the idea of General Boulanger to arrive at an authorized version of "La Marseillaise" by dint of the concurrent wisdom of miscellaneous bandmasters, M. P. Lacombe makes a sensible suggestion. He recalls the evening in July, 1870, when in the excitement of the impending war the mighty hymn was once more reinstated as the National Anthem of France, and was played at the Opéra, M. de Girardin calling out "Debout!" and the entire assembly rising to their feet as one man. The version then used, M. Lacombe states, was generally acknowledged to be one of singular beauty, with regard both to harmony and instrumentation. M. Gevaert, at that time director of the music at the

Opéra, on being questioned as to the origin of this treatment, stated that it was taken from Gossec's opera, *Le Camp du Grand-Pré*. M. Lacombe suggests that, to avoid heart-burnings and jealousies, it would be the wisest thing to adopt Gossec's version as the authorized one; to which the *Ménestrel*, with less good sense than generally marks its editorial opinions, objects, on the ground that Gossec, although a naturalized Frenchman, was by birth a Belgian.

The *Revue Wagnérienne* supplies the following statistics of the comparative popularity of *Parsifal* and *Tristan*:—"For the first performance of *Parsifal* on July 23, 1200 out of the 1325 stalls were sold, and for the second performance on the 26th, 1400 seats, on account of which demand the upper gallery had to be thrown open. For the first performance of *Tristan*, on the 29th, 1100 seats, and for the third of *Parsifal* on the 30th, 1300 seats were sold." These figures are sufficient to prove that the magnificent scenery and the beautiful choruses of *Parsifal* are in the opinion, even of the Wagnerian "general," superior to the sustained passion of the master's masterpiece; but they by no means show, as some prejudiced persons have asserted, that *Tristan* was in any sense a failure.

The Queen of Roumania is a gracious and graceful patroness of musical artists. She has lately shown her appreciation of Fräulein Martha Remmert's pianoforte playing, by presenting her with a medallion richly ornamented with precious stones in floral design, together with an inscription (in the hand of the royal "Carmen Sylva"), which runs as follows:—"Receive as a sign of my admiration these unfading flowers, which, like an artist's life, are the token of an eternal spring." Fräulein Remmert is Court pianist to the Grand Duke of Weimar; it was after highly successful performances in Athens and Constantinople that she attracted the attention of Queen Margaret at Bucharest. Rubinstein has since been invited by the Queen to Bucharest, where it is expected he will stay a fortnight during the autumn, before repairing to Prague for the production of his opera *Feramors*, and thence to Leipzig, where he is to conduct the first performance of a new symphony.

With regard to the origin of the "Marseillaise," discussed in these columns a few weeks ago, a correspondent sends us the following quotation from "Lazare Hoche," by Bonnechose:—" 'La Marseillaise' was composed by a young officer called 'Rouget de l'Isle,' while in camp at Strasburg (during the French Revolution), about 1792. The origin of the term 'La Marseillaise' is as follows: Danton, to drive the foreigner out of France, asked for four hundred men who knew how to die. The appeal was answered by four hundred Marseillais, who marched from their town to Paris singing Rouget de l'Isle's song. They fulfilled their promise gallantly, but their first act was to take part in the massacre of the Swiss Guards at the Tuileries, August 10, 1792."

One of the next works to appear in Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel's collected edition of Schubert is the opera *Des Teufels Lustschloss*. This, however, is delayed owing to the disappearance of the autograph of the Second Act. In the belief that this MS. must be in the hands of someone, Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel have issued an earnest appeal for information from anyone qualified to give it. In the event of the treasure being in the hands of some English collector—which we fear is hardly probable—communication should be at once made to Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipzig.

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PLANS, TICKETS, and DETAILED PROGRAMMES are NOW READY, and may be had at the Festival Office, Centenary Street (close to the Town Hall). August 30, 1886. FRED. R. SPARK, Hon. Sec.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL. SEPTEMBER 7, 8, 9, and 10, 1886.

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Miss ANNA WILLIAMS.
Madame PATEY.
Miss HILDA WILSON.
Mr. EDWARD LLOYD.
Mr. W. WINCH.
Mr. WATKIN MILLS.
Mr. SANTLEY.

SOLO PIANIST - Miss FANNY DAVIES.
LEADER - Mr. CARRODUS.
CONDUCTOR - Mr. C. L. WILLIAMS.

IN THE CATHEDRAL:—

TUESDAY, at 1.30, Mendelssohn's "Elijah."
WEDNESDAY, at 11.30, "Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony, Gibbons' "Almighty and Everlasting God," S. Wesley's "Exultate Deo," Hiller's "Song of Victory."
WEDNESDAY EVENING, at 7.30, Rockstro's "The Good Shepherd," and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise."
THURSDAY, at 11.30, Gounod's "Mors et Vita."
FRIDAY, at 11.30, Handel's "Messiah."
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Full particulars at Mr. NEST'S, Westgate Street, Gloucester.

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THURSDAY MORNING.—Handel's MESSIAH.
THURSDAY EVENING.—THE MAID OF ASTOLAT (a Cantata composed for this Festival by Dr. C. S. Heap); Overture, CHEVY CHASE (Macfarren); RHAPSODY in F, No. 1 (Liszt, &c.).
FRIDAY MORNING.—Dvorák's STABAT MATER; Mendelssohn's LAUDATION; and Beethoven's SYMPHONY in C minor (No. 5).
FRIDAY EVENING.—THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN (a Cantata composed for this Festival by Mr. Frederick Corder); Overtures ZAUBERFLÖTE (Mozart), and TANNHÄUSER (Wagner); FANDANGO for Violin (Molière), &c.

PRINCIPALS:—Mesdames VALLERIA, HUTCHINSON, TREBELLI, Miss HILDA WILSON; Messrs. EDWARD LLOYD, PIERCY, ROBERT GRICE, WATKIN MILLS, and SANTLEY. Band and Chorus of 265 performers. Principal and Solo Violin, Mr. Carrodus. Conductor, Dr. Swinnerton Heap.

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Musical World Portrait Gallery.

MARIE ROZE.

THE second instalment of our portrait gallery bears its justification and *raison d'être* so to speak, on the face of it. Musical and unmusical readers, if such be amongst ours, will be glad to see the portrait of Madame Marie Roze in a character in which the famous and much-photographed prima donna has never been published, and in which she looks at least as beautiful as in any of her fashionable dresses. It is not without intention that we lay particular stress on the beauty of Marie Roze, for that quality is as rare as it is important in a singer—rare, because nature seldom lavishes the two gifts of a fine voice and a fair face upon the same person, and important because there is scarcely a single opera in which the tenor and principal soprano do not fall in love with each other at first sight. The exigencies and the limitations of the musical drama alike require this suddenness of passion; the long preliminaries and the gradual growth of sentiment which the spoken drama might find leisure to depict would be inevitably tedious in music, which of its nature is passion made audible. Nothing more incongruous therefore can be witnessed than an operatic hero giving way to an emotion

"Too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which has ceased to be
Ere one can say it lightens,"

when the object of that emotion possesses no physical qualities to account for it, whatever her recondite mental excellences may be. Even the voice and the dramatic genius of Madame Titens were not able to prevent, in the minds of the audience, some odious comparisons between the lady whom Raoul describes in his impassioned romance, *Più bianca*, and her who appears in Queen Margaret's enchanted garden. No such incongruity has ever arisen, or is likely to arise for years to come, in the case of Marie Roze were she to undertake the part of Queen of Beauty herself.

At the same time, be it far from us to say that her triumphs have been what the French call *succès de beauté*. She is a gifted and conscientious artist as well as a beautiful woman, and were a proof of her seriousness and high aim required, it would be furnished by the fact that she selected the sombre dress of Fidelio to any other for presentment before our readers. That part, one of the most elevated in modern operatic music, is at the same time her favourite, and there are few amateurs in London and the provinces who have not witnessed the dramatic power with which the great aria of Fidelio is sung by her, or the genuine tenderness with which she clings to her husband in the prison scene, and at the end, when all danger is past, and Leonora stands revealed as the type of heroic womanhood. No greater contrast can be imagined than that existing between this type and the wayward passion of *Carmen* or *Manon*, and to say that in these three characters Marie Roze is equally successful, is to give a high idea of her versatility. The artist is, indeed, at home in every style

of art—French, Italian, German, and English. She has sung in *Faust* and *Il Trovatore*, in *Don Giovanni* and *Colomba*, and will soon sing "Elsa" in *Lohengrin*.

Her training almost from a child was highly favourable to this manifold development of her talent. A pupil of the Conservatoire, and a favourite of Auber, she made her *début* at the Opera Comique. Later on she became a member of Mr. Mapleson's Italian Opera Company, and for a number of years past she has been one of the leading singers of Mr. Carl Rosa's troupe, pronouncing our language with perfect correctness, albeit with that slight touch of a foreign accent which comes with so much piquancy from a pretty mouth. On the concert-platform also Madame Roze is not unknown, and at the Birmingham Festival of 1882 she created Gade's *Psyche* and Sir Julius Benedict's *Graziella*. We have previously stated that the cursory remarks accompanying our Portrait Gallery do not deal with the facts and dates which may be found in any ordinary book of reference; we may, however, briefly mention that Madame Roze was born in Paris, left the Conservatoire, and entered the Opéra Comique in 1867, and first appeared in Anglo-Italian Opera, as Marguerite, on April 30, 1872. Her chief successes, however, were made in English opera, under the auspices of Mr. Carl Rosa. As an incident characteristic of her courage and patriotism, it should be mentioned that, during the siege of Paris, in 1870-71, she remained in the beleaguered city, organized an ambulance, and turned her house into a hospital for the sick and wounded, the expenses of which she defrayed by giving entertainments, with the assistance of her friends. In recognition of her services she received the Geneva Cross and a Diploma from M. Thiers, the president of the French Republic. Madame Marie Roze is married to Colonel Henry Mapleson, a gentleman well known in connection with the operatic profession.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.

ART AND NATIONALITY.

THE ancient idea of parodying, as it were, the tragic events and magniloquent speeches of the dramatic trilogy in a comic interlude finds its parallelism in modern history. While the world has been anxiously watching the schemes for aggrandizement of a great northern Power in the East, the French papers have been vigorously protesting against another attempt at annexation, concerning, this time, not a province or a city, but the person of a distinguished citizen. *La perfide Albion*, they clamoured, no longer satisfied with pirating the subjects of French dramas, entertained designs upon French dramatists, or at least dramatic musicians, as well, and these designs had at last met with success in the case of M. Hervé, the author of *Chilpéric* and *Le petit Faust*, who had become a naturalized Englishman and a householder in Folkestone. Rumour, wagging all the tongues full of which he is painted in Shakespeare, repeated this appalling statement so per-

sistently and so multifariously, that at last M. Hervé himself felt called upon to give his version of the facts, and this he has done in a letter addressed to *Le Figaro*, which is both good-natured and reasonable, and contains, as one of the French journalists remarks, more witty points than some of the composer's later scores. M. Hervé, in the first instance, pleads guilty to the soft impeachment; he has become an Englishman, and has bought a house at Folkestone, which he inhabits during the greater part of the year, he being apparently one of the few Parisians who prefer a walk on the breezy Leas to a saunter along the Boulevards in the broiling sun of July. It is just possible that artistic vanity has a little to do with this preference; if M. Hervé loves Folkestone, Folkestone loves to honour M. Hervé, and at the recent opening of the Exhibition in that thriving watering-place, the composer of *La femme à Papa* was commissioned to write the inaugural ode. It might be argued, and has no doubt been argued by the French patriots, that one may live at Folkestone, and even buy a house at Folkestone, without becoming a naturalized Englishman; but for this objection, also, M. Hervé has an answer ready. Besides writing lively tunes, he is evidently a student of history and politics, and has not forgotten the struggle which raged between his birth country and his adopted country before the battle of Waterloo. If that struggle should ever be renewed, he fears that he might be expelled from his pleasant house at Folkestone, and although he would never fight against France, he does not wish to sacrifice his harmless enjoyments at the altar of *la patrie*. "My fighting days are over," he writes, "and my sentiments of humanity make me esteem the life of a Frenchman and of an Englishman as of equal value." It will be seen that the fighting strength of this country has received no material accession by the naturalization of M. Hervé; neither is English art likely to derive much benefit from the talent of the composer, supposing he were to devote his remaining years to our national opera. When the Parisians have had an opportunity of hearing *Fivoli*, which, in spite of splendid stage surroundings, proved a dismal failure at Drury Lane, and is shortly to be produced at the Châtelet, they will probably bear their loss with considerable equanimity.

The whole matter might, indeed, be dismissed as much ado about very little if it did not suggest some important reflections on the influence of his local surroundings upon the artist. Madame de Staël used to say that genius had no sex, and according to some philosophers it has no country. However true this may be in the abstract, it is equally certain that the visible embodiment of genius, the clay from which it moulds its creations, is entirely dependent upon the accidental conditions of time and country, and even climate. If Goethe's parents had emigrated to South America in his infancy, it is more than doubtful whether the *chiaroscuro* of a German professor's study, or the atmosphere of Margaret's chamber, or the witches' dance on the stormy heights of the Brocken would ever have been painted; and if Cervantes had lived in the 19th century, he would certainly not have written "Don Quixote," although the potentialities of passion and thought, and of humour, would in both cases have remained the same. But it is unnecessary to invent imaginary cases when so many actual instances may be cited, in almost every branch of art, of great men who did their best work in foreign countries, and who probably would not have done that work at all, or at least in a different way, if they had not found abroad the more congenial surroundings which they had looked for in vain at home. In literature these cases are for obvious reasons comparatively rare, the idiom of a foreign language being almost impossible to acquire after a certain age. But here also one may mention Anthony Hamilton, the author

of the *Mémoires du Comte de Gramont*, whom Sainte-Beuve calls "un des écrivains les plus attiques de notre littérature," and who was certainly more French in spirit and idiom than most Frenchmen, although he had passed his fortieth year when the Revolution compelled him to settle permanently in that country; Beckford, the author of "Vathek," was another Englishman who wrote French to perfection; and the French, on their side of the account, may name the Prince Charles d'Orléans, who was made prisoner at the Battle of Agincourt and beguiled his captivity at Windsor by English rondels and "ballades," the sweetness of which our modern imitators of those dainty verse-forms would find it difficult to rival. But even more striking than any of these is Adalbert Chamisso, who, born at Château Boncourt, in Champagne, emigrated with his parents to Germany, and became a German poet of the first rank, and the author of the famous story of "Peter Schlemihl," the man who sold his shadow. In the art of painting it must be sufficient to cite Vandyck, who certainly would not have been the artist he was if his models had been Dutch Burgomasters and Myfrouws instead of the noble-visaged Charles I, and the cavaliers and beauties of his court. It is a curious fact that in music, the most international of all arts, nationality and the change of nationality have played a more important part than in any other. When Handel came to England he was chiefly famous as a composer of Italian operas, and such he would probably have remained had not the religious spirit of the English nation and the primitive force of the English version of the Bible led his genius to the sacred drama or oratorio of which he became essentially the founder, and remains to this day the unrivalled master. If England thus owes the most national form of her music to a foreigner, the same in a still more marked degree is true of France. What to us is the oratorio, that to the French is, and has been for the last two centuries, the opera; and that opera would be non-existent if Lully had not crossed the Alps and Gluck the Rhine. Even that lower, though no less national, type of opera which M. Hervé, Lecocq, and many others have made their special field of action—the *opéra bouffe*, France owes to Offenbach, a native of Cologne. The question, however, what would French opera have been without Gluck, Lully, and Offenbach is naturally capped by the other query, what would these composers have been if they had never gone to France? Lully would probably have written very good motets and madrigals which would have shared the fate of oblivion with innumerable pieces of their kind and age. The name of the composer of *Orfeo* would in any case have been honourably remembered in the history of music, but the dramatic force and earnestness which have made him the reformer of art and the precursor of Wagner he derived exclusively from his contact with the tragedy of Corneille and Racine. Offenbach would probably have played the violoncello in a provincial theatre and written sentimental German songs; none of them would have gained that pre-eminence which belongs to all three in different degrees and spheres of action.

It follows, then, that genius, or at least the particular form in which genius reveals itself, is by no means independent of external surroundings, and that an artist who fails to find his proper sphere of action at home cannot do better than look for it abroad. According to Danton's famous saying, one cannot carry "*sa patrie aux semelles de ses bottes*," but the true fatherland of an artist is not always the land of his fathers, and, unlike the giant in the classic story, he gains strength as he increases his distance from it. For in the new home of his adoption he will find just the elements which were necessary for his growth, and will feel and express the national peculiarities of those elements even more strongly than will those who were to the manner born. It is for that reason that the English type of face appears more pure and

more pronounced in the pictures of Holbein and Vandyck than in those of any contemporary English painters, even if English painters of equal genius had existed; and that Gluck was more nearly akin to Racine than was Rameau. It may even be said, and Mr. Symonds has said, that Shakespeare expressed the spirit of the Italian Renaissance more graphically than Angelo Poliziano and all his school; for Shakespeare, in this as in everything else unique, conceived the spirit of a period and of a country by dint of inspiration, however far removed they might be from his actual cognizance. It remains to add that it genius thus derives benefit from the new impressions of a foreign country, the artistic resources of that country are in a still higher degree increased by its presence. A nation which deliberately shuts itself off from such influences is as certain to stagnate as if it were to protect its native customs and its native guns and ploughshares by a Chinese wall. If M. Hervé, from whose case we have wandered considerably in the course of these remarks, has to give us anything better than *Frivoli*, it shall be no less welcome to us because he has entered the already overstocked ranks of English composers—for art is a free field of competition, and the more eager that competition the greater will be the efforts of the champions and the higher the result attained.—*The Times*.

Correspondence.

THE MUSICIANS' COMPANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—The aspirations of Mr. Collard in your last issue will meet with sympathy in the hearts of thousands of lovers of music. That something ought to be done by the Musicians' Company is to my knowledge a strong feeling among several of the livery of the company, and I have no doubt that the worthy feelings of Mr. Collard actuate every member of the Court. Among the members of the company there exists as much devotion to music as among any body of gentlemen in England. It is only a question of time and opportunity for some movement to be made. Whether it should be made as Mr. Collard suggests, or in other or additional ways, may be a matter for discussion; and it may be that some consideration must be undertaken before the precise method can be determined upon. But Mr. Collard has given articulation to a dumb but powerful feeling in the Musicians' Company. The Court, however, are the Governors and leaders of the company, and they will probably appoint a committee of the company, or themselves hold a meeting or two at the earliest opportunity, to consider in what way the Musicians' Company can be most effectively acting in the sacred cause of music.—Yours truly,

JOHN BATH,
A Liveryman of the Musicians' Company.

"Musical World" Stories.

A MUSICAL JUROR'S TRIBULATION.

By HECTOR BERLIOZ.

I CERTAINLY have not the least intention of beginning with a dissertation on industry and exhibitions generally.

There are subjects which involve no little danger in their discussion, and indeed it is often too much condescension to discuss them at all. I know myself to be so ill-endowed with the Olympian calm required for such a task, that I no longer gird at systems. Indeed, in furious despair of the good cause, I often go the length of apparently accepting them, and nod approval if I do not

actually express it in speech or writing. And this reminds me of a question I once put to an amateur chemist. (Possibly he, like amateur musicians, amateur philosophers, and in short many amateurs, was a votary of the absurd. Its cult is very much in vogue. And after all perhaps, absurdity is truth; for else, how cruel of Providence, to have implanted so great a love of it in the heart of man! However, to proceed to my question, and the chemical amateur's reply.) "If," said I, "many pounds of gunpowder, a hundred, or a thousand, were deposited in the very centre of one of our largest mountains in the Himalayas, for instance, or in Chimborazo, and if this powder were ignited by some modern appliance, what would be the result? Do you think it could explode with sufficient violence to split and blow up the mountain, and overcome the extraordinary resistance of its density, cohesion, and weight?" The amateur chemist was a little non-plussed. He reflected for a moment—a thing that musical or philosophical amateurs very seldom do—and answered with some hesitation, "Probably the explosive force of the gunpowder would be insufficient. However, as ignition actually occurred, the powder would be instantaneously converted into gases whose effort to expand would be overcome by the pressure of the mountain. These gases would condense into a liquid which must for ever tend to resume its gaseous form, and cause a tremendous explosion whenever the compressing force became too weak to overbalance its resistance." I cannot say how far my amateur's opinion is well-founded; but I think the problem may be appropriately quoted here.

For there are people, some, indeed, of my acquaintance, who are doomed to struggle under a mountain of absurdities, and contain an explosion of incalculable anger in their heart's core. Yet it is not strong enough to move the mountain; so they ignite, and almost immediately submit, without a sound, or even with a smile, to the rule of unreason, and see the thunder of the volcano that is in them quietly liquefy until further orders.

The humours thus produced are usually black and very bitter. Some, however, are insipid and colourless; and there are others—such is their variety—which appear pleasant to the eye and taste. These are the most dangerous. Yet many "fourneaux" (since the siege of Sebastopol our monster mines have been so called) have been exploded, and many pounds of gunpowder have been liquefied during the toilsome sitting of different juries, who were summoned to give or rather lend their aid as judges of industrial products.

The special jury appointed to examine musical instruments at the last International Exhibition was made up of seven members: composers, virtuosi, acoustic experts, men of science, amateurs, and manufacturers. Believing that they were called upon to judge the instruments with regard to their comparative musical excellence, they soon agreed upon the measures to be adopted with a view to test their resonance and workmanship, to recognize ingenious and useful inventions, and to rank intelligent manufacturers in their order of merit. So, to avoid whatever might distract their minds from this laborious undertaking—and I can assure you it was much harder than you would imagine, wearisome and even painful to a degree—they had these myriad instruments conveyed in turn into the concert-hall of the Conservatoire. There were instruments of every kind: harmonious, cacophonous, melodious, noisy, grand, admirable, useless, ridiculous, raucous, and horrible; some that might enrapture angels, others wherewith the very demons must grind their teeth; instruments that would make the dead awake, the quick sleep, birds carol, and dogs howl.

We began with the pianos.

Pianos! The very mention of this terrible instrument sets my hair on end, and my feet tingling. As I write the word, I step upon volcanic soil. Reader, you do not know what pianos are—the piano-dealers, the piano-makers, the piano-players, the champions, male and female, of the piano-makers. Pray Heaven that you may never know. The sellers and makers of other instruments are far less formidable. You may say very much what you please about them without eliciting too bitter complaints. You may accord pre-eminence to the most deserving without at once inspiring every other competitor with a wish to murder you. You may even relegate the worst to the lowest rank without the slightest protest from

well-conditioned exhibitors. You may actually tell the friend of a self-styled inventor, "Your friend has not invented anything. This is not a new idea, it has been used for centuries by the Chinese," and you will see the disappointed friend retire almost without a word, as no doubt the illustrious Columbus would have retired on being told that Scandinavian sailors had long before him discovered America.

But the piano—oh, the piano! "My pianos, sir! What can you mean by such an oversight. A second prize! A silver medal! For me, the inventor of the patent screw-fixed mortise-peg, in the fourfold escapement! What have I done to forfeit my pre-eminence? Are you aware, sir, that I employ six hundred workmen? My firm is still my firm. I still export my pianos, not to Batavia, Victoria, Melbourne, San Francisco only, but to New Caledonia, sir; the Island of Mounin-Suna, sir; Manilla, Jinian, Ascension, and Hawaii. There are no pianos but mine at the Court of King Kamehameha the Third. The mandarins of China, sir, set no store on any others. And at St. Germain-en-Laye, sir, they have no instruments but mine. And you actually speak to me of a silver medal when the gold medal would be a very insignificant distinction. And you haven't even mentioned me for a grand cordon of the legion of honour. This is a pretty state of things! But we shall see, sir. The matter shall not rest here. I protest. I shall lodge a formal protest. I shall carry it to the Emperor. I will appeal to every court in Europe, to every president in the New World. I will publish a pamphlet. Well, I'm sure! A silver medal for the inventor of the patent screw-fixed mortise-peg in the fourfold escapement!!!"

This, you may imagine, fires the thousand pound charge in the mountain mine. But as it is utterly impossible to give a fitting answer to such complaints, and blast—the mountain; the gas condenses and forms in the bottom of the mine an *insipid fluid*.

Again. "Dear, dear me, then I haven't got the first prize, sir, after all? Is this really so? Can such utter injustice have been perpetrated? . . . But the decision must be revised, and I venture to ask for your support, your strenuous support! . . . You refuse! . . . Oh, this is incredible. My pianos are as good as ever. Mine are always excellent. They hold their own against all comers. So excellent a musician as yourself, sir, could never err on such a point. I am a ruined man. I implore you, give me your vote. Oh, this is terrible. Will not these tears move you? . . . There is nothing left me but the Seine. . . . I shall go and drown myself. . . . This is barbarous! I would never have believed it of you. Oh my poor children!"

Still the explosion is impossible.

The gas condenses into *weak peppermint water*.

Or—"I have just come from Germany, where your jury has caused a great deal of amusement. What? Is the first piano-maker in the world the first no longer? Has he become the second? Then his pianos must have fallen off. Now, is this common sense? Who ever heard the like of it? I hope you mean to do your judging over again, for your own sake at any rate. I must admit I am unacquainted with the marvellous piano you have placed first. Indeed I never even saw or heard of it. But nevertheless such an award must cover all of you with ridicule."

Eau de Cologne!

Or again—"I have just called, sir, about a little matter—a mere trifle. No doubt there has been some mistake, but my pianos have been wrongly judged. For the whole world knows they are as good as ever. Public opinion has already rectified this oversight, and you will merely have to re-open your enquiry. So, to obviate any further misapprehension, I venture to direct the attention of the jury to the greatness of my firm. I carry on an extensive and important business . . . and neither my partners nor myself would hesitate to make any . . . sacrifice . . . that might be necessary . . . in certain contingencies . . . if we can only arrive at some understanding . . ." As the juror frowns a little, the business gentleman discerns that . . . no understanding can be arrived at, so he retires.

Medicated brandy!

Here is another. "I have come. . ."

"You have come about your pianos?"

"Exactly so."

(To be continued.)

LISZT'S LIFE AND WORKS.

A STUDY OF CHARACTER.

(From the "Fortnightly Review.")

EVERYONE who witnessed the reception granted to Liszt on his visit to this country five months ago, must have been struck by the cordial, one may say personal, form which that reception took. Such ovations had never been offered to an artist in England before; not at least since the days of Paganini. Quiet-looking and eminently respectable persons would stand on their seats and wave their umbrellas and hats and handkerchiefs in a frantic manner when Liszt entered St. James's Hall; and even before he entered that hall his arrival was announced by the shouts of the crowd outside, who acclaimed him as if he were a king returning to his kingdom, and not a mere musician, whom Lord Chesterfield and even Dr. Johnson would have generically and contemptuously described as "a fiddler." There is no doubt that much of this enthusiasm proceeded from genuine admiration of his music, mixed with a feeling that that music, for a number of years, had been shamefully neglected in this country, and that now, at last, the time had come to make amends to a great and famous man, fortunately still living. It is equally certain that a great many people who were carried away by the current of enthusiasm—including the very cabmen in the street, who gave three cheers for the "Habby Liszt"—had never heard a note of his music, nor would have appreciated it much if they had. The spell to which they submitted was, as I said before, a purely personal one; it was the same fascination which Liszt exercised over almost every man and woman who came into contact with him, or witnessed his public performances, which fifty years ago impelled the young ladies of Berlin to fight for a piece of horsehair from the cushion on which the *virtuoso* had sat at the piano, and which appertained to the more than septuagenarian, with his commanding presence, his noble brow, his flowing white hair, and the winning, albeit somewhat cynical, smile, as much as to the beautiful youth of twenty-five. The personality of such a man is an interesting psychological study, even apart from his great achievements as a *virtuoso* and as a composer, and to that personality it is proposed to devote part at least of this article. For a detailed analysis of his works the space at disposal would be wholly insufficient, and the permanent position of those works in the history of art cannot as yet be defined; neither has the time come for giving a full and outspoken account of the events of his life, with which the fates of many living men and women are intimately connected. Even Miss Ramann, Liszt's enthusiastic worshipper and biographer, stopped short after the first volume of her comprehensive and painstaking work, which, by the way, has been published in one of the most execrable English translations ever perpetrated. The facts and dates in the following outline of his career are mainly derived from the article in *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, with every word of which the present writer has the best of reasons to agree.

Franz Liszt, born October 22, 1811, at Raiding, in Hungary, was the son of Adam Liszt, an official in the imperial service, and a musical amateur of sufficient attainment to instruct him in the rudiments of pianoforte playing. At the age of nine young Liszt made his first appearance in public at Oedenburg with such success that several Hungarian noblemen guaranteed him sufficient means to pursue his musical education for six years. This enabled the family to go to Vienna, where the boy continued his studies under Czerny on the pianoforte, and under Salieri (the rival of Mozart) in composition. Here, as everywhere else, he took the public by storm; and amongst his admirers was no less a man than Beethoven, who, after one of Liszt's concerts, strode on to the platform and kissed him before the audience. Such a fact as this, by the way, dry

enough as it looks on paper, was an important proof of the personal fascination attaching to Liszt. It is, I believe, Leigh Hunt, who speaks of the "chain of shining hands," of men, that is, who had actually touched hands, which connected Shakespeare with his own days. In hearing the words which fell from the lips of Liszt, one always remembered that those lips had been kissed by Beethoven and by Wagner, that he in his person represented the connecting-link between the past, the present, and the future. But to return. In 1823 the boy, with his father, proceeded to Paris, where it was hoped that his rapidly-growing reputation would gain him admission to the Conservatoire, in spite of a rule which in those days excluded foreigners from the great national institution; but Cherubini refused to make an exception in his favour, and he had to continue his private studies under Reicha and Paër (the famous operatic composer). In the meantime his successes on the concert-platform and in drawing-rooms remained unabated; and amongst the artistic tours he undertook was one to England in 1824, where he created a great sensation, and was patronized by George IV. A newspaper of the time records his success in the following terms: "The young Franz Liszt has exhibited his talents to many people of rank, and to some of the most distinguished professors of this metropolis, who all agree in considering him as a performer that would be ranked very high were he arrived at full manhood, and therefore a most surprising instance of precocious talent at so early an age as twelve." At the *conversazione* given in Liszt's honour by his pupil, Walter Bache, at the Grosvenor Gallery in April last, some of the old play-bills were exhibited which had announced the appearance of "Master Liszt, now only twelve years old," sixty years previously. At these the veteran composer glanced with his usual complacent smile, which was increased to a hearty laugh when one of those present explained to him the curious mistake caused to his biographer by the peculiarities of our nomenclature. "Like all clever boys," Miss Ramann gravely remarks, "Liszt desired to be considered a man, and the pet names 'Le petit Litz,' 'Le petit Mozart,' applied to him in Paris, were anything but welcome to him. How glad then must he have been to see his tender age ignored in England, and to be treated as a consummate master of his craft, as 'Master Liszt.'"

He repeated his visit to this country in 1825, and again in 1827, and on his return from the latter lost his father at Boulogne. This event made an overpowering impression on the affectionate boy; it marked at the same time a turning-point in his career. His widowed mother had to be provided for, and to that duty he immediately applied himself with the generosity and unselfishness peculiar to his nature. Together with his mother he settled in Paris for a number of years, and this stay in the French capital, at that time the centre and focus of intellectual and artistic life, became of paramount importance for his future development. Hitherto his mental culture had been comparatively neglected. Adam Liszt, his father, although an intelligent man in his way, had the ideas of the old school, according to which it was sufficient for a musician to write correctly on a stave of five lines without troubling himself much about general culture. The boy's education therefore had been sadly lost sight of, and it was only his stay in Paris which developed the resources of his nature and made him essentially a musician of the highest modern type and a worthy companion of Berlioz, Wagner, and Schumann, all men of deep thought and wide knowledge. In Paris he was thrown together and became more or less intimate with the leading artists and men of letters, with Victor Hugo, Lamartine, George Sand, Berlioz, and Heinrich Heine, who in his "Salon" has drawn a curious and interesting likeness of the young *virtuoso*. The religious struggles through which his impressionable and mystically-inclined nature had to pass belonged to the same

decade. For a time he adhered to the doctrine of St. Simon, but the Abbé Laménais led him back to the paths of Christian belief in its Roman Catholic form, to which he remained devoutly attached for the rest of his life. It is scarcely necessary to add that the mighty impulse of the July revolution of 1830 found a responsive chord in the heart of the young musician. Upon Louis Philippe, the embodiment of the bourgeois and philistine, he looked with unminged abhorrence, and on one occasion rejected with marked rudeness the advances made to him by the citizen-king. At Paris, finally, in 1834, he was introduced to the Countess d'Agoult, better known by her literary pseudonym of Daniel Stern, with whom he formed the most intimate and most permanent attachment of his life. By her he had three children, a boy who died in infancy, a daughter who married M. Ollivier, the statesman who went into the Franco-German war "with a light heart," and Cosima, the widow of Wagner, in whose arms he died.

The eight years, from 1839 to 1847, mark the acme of his career as a *virtuoso*. From St. Petersburg to Madrid, from Paris to Vienna, his artistic tours were as many triumphal progresses. Money, which he prized little, the friendship of princes and artists and men of genius, and the love of women, which he prized much, poured in upon him in one uninterrupted current. These were the halcyon days of the *virtuoso*, when people asked only who played, not what he played; and amongst *virtuosi* Liszt was the unrivalled first. The lady amateurs of our day would stand aghast at reading in old newspapers of the demonstrations which their grandmothers indulged in. England alone was the bitter drop in this overflowing cup of sweetness. Liszt came again to this country in 1840, and once more in the next following year, when he was fêted in London as usual, and played before the Queen and the late Prince Consort at Windsor, a fact of which her Majesty reminded the composer in April, in a long and friendly conversation which she had with him. Soon, however, the voices of rivalry and spite were raised against him, and found their echo in the press, and a provincial tour proved a financial failure; whereat Liszt returned every penny advanced to him to his *impresario* Lavenue, calling him, with a smile, as Moscheles relates, "un pauvre diable." For he always looked upon money as dross, and he who realized greater sums than even Madame Patti, and might have built his soul a lordly pleasure-house worthy of Craig-y-nos itself, died comparatively poor. When the subscription for the proposed Beethoven monument at Bonn began to flag, he paid the large balance out of his own pocket. In no city of Europe where he played were the poor unremembered; and in his latter years, when his pupils were legion, he never took a penny from one of them. In 1849, when his fame was at its zenith, he grew tired of the barren laurels of a *virtuoso*, and accepted the post of Court-conductor in the modest city of Weimar. Here he opened for himself a new and, as regards permanent results, infinitely more important field of action; but before following him there, and speaking of Liszt the composer and the conductor, it will be necessary to say a few retrospective words of Liszt the pianist.

(To be continued.)

A MUSIC STUDENT IN GERMANY.

By P. VON RAYMOND.

(From the "Boston Transcript.")

THE NOTED TEACHERS.

To finish one's musical education in Germany—or if the words finish and education are incompatible, to add to one's study of instrumental music that finish which can be acquired only in the land where music is breathed in the very atmosphere—has become such a

common occurrence for American girls, that to the many whose dream it is to go abroad or whose plan it is to go, these few words may be useful; the words of one who saw the life of a music student as a non-professional, yet from circumstances had the good fortune, at least in one city, to catch a deeper glimpse of the inside workings of the great musical cliques than is accorded every one.

No one whose experience has not included that distinct phase of existence can know the fascinations which cling to the happy Bohemian life in a German-American pension. By all means would I advise you to take up your abode here, rather than be the one foreign element in a German family, unless you would be a slave to loneliness, to bed linen changed at the most once a month, and to German cooking, for the sake of the language.

I confess to having started thus with the boldest resolutions, but when, to the pangs of homesickness and the helpless agony of being unable to make any of my housemates my confidant, or even a sharer in my trouble, for mere want of words, were added sauerkraut, strange combinations of baked beans and stewed prunes, raw fish floating in oil, and bitter, grated, black bread, mixed with unflavoured, whipped cream, my spirits quailed—and I fled.

What a happy contrast is the pension where the good Frau Rechtsanwältin or Frau Baumeister has long ministered to our tastes and our palates, and become accustomed to our odd, foreign, untamed ways!

We were all workers, every one, and full to the brim did our cup of happiness seem those dull, dark days in Berlin—for one winter season only two days out of six months were sunny—when we met, more than a score of us, about the "Mittagessen" board.

What a Babel of voices and an incoherent mixture of German and English! We had all resolved to speak nothing but the former, and in the centre of the table stood a little bank, where we deposited our fine of five pfennings when this rule was broken, but it was a mighty relief oftentimes to put our hands in our pocket-books and then break out into our own dear tongue and tell the news with which we had been brimming over.

GREAT TEACHERS.

We were representatives of many of the most prominent teachers in Berlin. One German *fräulein* and another American girl were pupils of Oscar Rife at the Hoch-Schule, of which conservatory Joachim, the world's greatest violinist, stands at the head. Another, scarcely more than a child, was a private pupil of the same teacher, and in addition to her name her every motion showed her birthright of a musical nature. We had a young man, a pupil of Xavier Scharwenka; two pupils of Klindworth, Liszt's beloved friend and former scholar; a youth of one-and-twenty from our own far West, who had never heard a note from a violin until his thirteenth year, and who then, earning in secret the money for his instrument, had pushed on until he stands now in one of the highest of Joachim's classes. One more, a pale, dreamy-faced man, who was studying the 'cello.

This man was a mystery. The only thing he loved in life seemed to be the wondrous, deep, sweet tones which he drew from his violoncello, that most sympathetic and melodious of all instruments. Cold, stern and reserved outwardly, yet often and again have I seen the heavy tears in his eyes when by lamplight, on stormy, winter afternoons, we read over together the Beethoven sonatas or Schuman's "Stücke im Volkston."

Oscar Rife is, I fancy, the teacher of the piano who is most popular with Americans. Personally the man is rather attractive. Quick, irascible, impatient, but just, and with the power of imparting a delicious finish to everybody that is worked out under his instruction, his pupils adore and worship him. I have never known greater ambition or individual desire to do their best than that shown by Rife's scholars. His method of teaching is his own, and, like himself, has originality. A young friend of mine, who was in the beginning only of her piano study, went to Rife, and was started to have a fugue of Bach's put into her hands at the fourth lesson. She struggled hopelessly, but faithfully, at it, and went to her lesson in fear and quaking. After playing it as best she could she was surprised to have it thrown aside and another given her. She ventured an expostulation, saying that she had not satisfied herself with the first one. "No" said Rife, "but you have satisfied me. Natürlich, I could

not have expected you to interpret or render it, but just one little bar there was the practice you needed and that you have mastered."

There are, indeed, brilliant bits of playing at the recitals given by Oscar Rife's pupils through the winter months.

In the Hoch-Schule are some of the most noted teachers in Berlin; not all of them solely engaged in teaching here, but devoting certain hours a day to classes at the Conservatory. It is certainly the cheapest way of studying music, and immensely popular among the Germans. The price for a year's tuition varies from 240 marks to 300 marks, or from 60 dollars to 75 dollars. The highest figure would in any case probably include music and all other extras; while for the best private instruction Americans have to pay about twelve marks, or 3 dollars a lesson. Rife adds two marks to this, others a trifle less. I specify Americans because I was so many times assured by residents of Berlin that there were distinct prices for us, and that Germans never would dream of paying so much. However this may be, if we want the instruction it seems obligatory to pay the price that is set for us.

The technique taught at the Hoch-Schule is as perfect as it can be. The attention paid to it is nearly slavery, and in almost every instance that has come under my notice it has led to a hard, mechanical touch, great strength, some smoothness, combined with an accuracy and precision which are indeed pleasing to an extent, but a lack of feeling and a machine-like method of rendering everything.

Karl Klindworth is known in this country from his edition of Chopin's works, his late edition of Beethoven, and also in Boston from the desire which was in many hearts to have him accept Mr. Henschel's place as leader of our symphony orchestra, is another most successful leader.

He has come quite recently to Berlin and by his coming has brought down a storm of jealousy on his head. He completes with Von Bülow and Mr. Mason a trio of Liszt's favourite pupils, and is a beloved friend of the latter. He was intimate with Wagner, and is one of his disciples, and, in addition to this, is one of the finest conductors on the continent. What more was needed to bring down Joachim's wrath? A rival orchestra leader had come—a follower of Liszt's whose name is never breathed in the Hoch-Schule. If a pupil at his entrance examination begins to play anything of the "master's" he is curtly stopped and requested to take something else. Clara Schumann and Joachim are among the most formidable opponents of the late Abbé in the world.

But struggling on against the jealousy which had banished the young Moszkowski and so many others from the German capital, Klindworth has gone steadily forward with an ever-increasing number of pupils.

On Liszt's authority he is the finest interpreter of Chopin in the world, and his quiet severity, his strict technical discipline and his own wonderfully sympathetic touch, which in part he gives to his pupils, have made his reputation long since established.

Xavier Scharwenka treads another conservatory. His name, together with that of his brother Louis, the composer, is well known everywhere in musical circles. To me, Scharwenka's playing, which it has been my pleasure to hear many, many times, is charming. His rendering of Liszt's preludes, to hear which I braved a biting snow-storm, will linger long in my ear. Had I been studying for a professional, I should certainly have desired a touch of his training. Not only are the two brothers musicians, but Louis's wife plays with great verve and talent on the violin.

Although I have only spoken of the instruction on the piano, yet I would say a word to anticipate the many questions which are ever asked concerning Joachim, who is undoubtedly the most prominent figure now in the musical world of Berlin, if not of Germany. Our hopes of hearing him in America this year were disappointed, but Watt's wonderful portrait of him has made his face already familiar to many. He does not give private instruction. His only lessons are in classes at the Hoch-Schule, and it was a wonder to me that he even found time for this. Besides the concerts where he figures as a virtuoso, he conducts his orchestra and plays in the famous quartet with De Ahna, Wirth and Hausmann; then, too, some little time must be spent in settling the eternal quarrels in which he is involved, for Joachim is the most ill-tempered man in the world. [? Ed. Mus. W.]

But oh! the finish, the exquisite delicacy, the consummate skill of his playing; the rugged beauty of his face! The divine touch of

his bow will for ever abide as a sweet remembrance of what was well-nigh sublime.

Joachim's pupils—indeed, as I think, all the pupils of the Hoch-Schule—must be over sixteen years old, and must be prepared to pass rather severe examinations, but if these seem formidable a few private lessons by one of the examiners will accomplish wonders.

LIFE IN GERMANY.

And what a haven for those to whom the love of music is a passion is found in the simple student life in these German cities; in the heart of a people so full of sentiment, so impractical, so warm-hearted. How unreal that day-dream seems in the midst of our bustling, rushing, serious, commonplace life. It is not without its hardships; many a tear is shed, many a sigh for the unattainable perfect, many a fit of popular dispondency; but how easy to banish our unsatisfied ambitions and longings when, sitting where the echo of Mendelssohn's touch still reaches our ears, we can listen to the giant playing of Rubinstein, or weep for very sympathy at the exquisite, sonorous sadness of Chopin's nocturnes from the fingers of Eugen d'Albert, Rubinstein's pupil, who is growing to be his very double, and who, the great pianist declares, will in time surpass even his own superb rank.

Where can we hear von Bülow and Scharwenka and Clara Schumann, under whose feet the last time I heard her play the platform was covered with flowers. This sweet-faced, gray-haired woman seems hardly to belong to our day, yet her vivid imagination, her artistic taste and beauty of treatment still win for her playing the admiration of the world.

Or when, a merry crowd, we went night after night to the "Bilse Concert Haus" or the "Philharmonic," and sat spell-bound in the midst of smoke and beer-drinking at the superb orchestral renderings of Wagner, Brahms, Gounod or the immortal symphonies. I cannot forget two little incidents which happened that night in February when we had come to Bilse for the last time together. We had a heavy young lieutenant with us that night, and a little American witch who had smiled the very soul away from the poor fellow. The first enchanting notes of the "Overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream" had just begun, and she looked at the figure beside her, intent heart and soul on the music, and said in a tantalizing whisper, "Herr Lieutenant." No answer; he was too near the skies to recognize his name or the voice, but his lips puckered into an ominous shape; that was enough, in a louder whisper the query was made, "Herr Lieutenant, can't you feel the fairies dancing all over you?" and the answer came in a long, loud, well-defined hiss; then, as he suddenly recognized the voice of the offender to have been that of his *liebchen* he turned around, embarrassed and pathetic, with a profuse apology and the grievous enquiry, "How can you gnädiges, *fräulein*, when you love music even as we do?" But the overture was spoilt for him and all of us.

The evening did, indeed, seem unpropitious. Soon came the eighth symphony of Mozart. A professor from one of our own Eastern colleges had joined us, and coming in late without his supper he had ordered something to be brought him before the symphony. As might have been expected nothing arrived until, with the tenderest, softest, part of the *andante* movement, came a waiter gliding over the floor and, to our silent amusement, placed a plate of thick Bologna sausage sandwiches and a foaming mug of beer before our sedate and music-enraptured professor.

THE EXPENSES.

Shall I descend to the severely practical and speak of the cost of living to a student in Germany? There are many ifs and buts here, as in everything. With due allowance for these troublesome little conditionals, a student on 600 dollars a year can live well in a good pension, covering ordinary expenses for dress, for *droschke* hire, which is an inevitable expense for a lady, including lessons, piano hire; and I have known this sum, with clever management, to include a little travelling.

A pretty good pension for an American is about one hundred marks, or 25 dollars a month, or a little more, and including extras, or as a little *fräulein* worded it to me, "without any misfortunes." Pensions in the German way are from eighteen dollars a month upwards, but with a surprising frankness, the same friend remarked,

"Where you live in this way, you Americans have to buy a good deal extra, and yet get thinner and thinner." To lodge only, as many young men do, rooms are comparatively dear, about seven or eight dollars a month, not including bed linen, light or service.

I want to close with a bit of advice, that it may linger longest in your minds; advice which, unheeded, brings almost invariably regret. However ambitious you are, and I would affirm that one cannot but be ambitious in Germany, do not allow your practising to take up all your time, even when it becomes an intense delight to see your musical ability developing quickly under your new methods. If you are within the city limits your hours will be limited, but even then don't sit too long at the piano. Masters, whose words are law, have said that no pupil should practise more than two hours consecutively. After that, rest awhile, changing your occupation entirely; lie down on your back, or, braving the inclement weather, go out for a brisk walk.

Valuing this little hint in regard to health, "by means of industry and perseverance," I quote Robert Schumann, "you will rise higher and higher."

(To be continued.)

Music Publishers' Weekly List.

SONGS.

Erin, arouse thee ! ...	Victor Bede ...	Harris
Good-bye, Good-bye, Beloved ...	Charles Vincent ...	"
Irish Marseillaise, The ...	Victor Bede ...	"
Short and Long of it, The ...	William Platt ...	Nat. Music Co.

PIANOFORTE PIECES.

Couleur de Rose, Entr'Acte ...	Albert Heddy ...	Ambrose
In a Swing. Song without words, Op. 63.	Fredk. Croft ...	Harris

DANCE MUSIC.

Thespian King Polka, The ...	Millard Back ...	Harris
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CONCERTED MUSIC.

(INSTRUMENTAL.)

Concert Overture, in G major. Full Orchestra ...	John Storer ...	Nat. Music Co.
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VOCAL DUET.

All for Charity ...	Churchill Sibley ...	Ambrose
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PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SUNDAY, Sept. 5 (*Eleventh Sunday after Trinity*).—to a.m.: Service (Garrett), in D; Creed (Goss) in Unison (Offertory for the Poor of Westminster); Hymn, after 3rd Collect, 225. 3 p.m.: Service (Goss) in E; Anthem, "The Lord is my Shepherd," No. 578 (Ps. xxiii.), Wesley; Hymn, after 3rd Collect, 138.

Notes and News.

LONDON.

Mr. Kuhe, of Brighton, has been appointed a professor of the pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music.

Messrs. Novello will shortly issue plaster casts and reduced copies of the bust of Liszt, which was executed by Mr. Boehm during the master's visit to London, and exhibited last season at the Grosvenor Gallery.

The first number of the *Fortnightly Review* which appears under its new editor, Mr. Frank Harris, is remarkable for its musical attractions, and may on that account be classed amongst the curiosities of literature; for as a rule, our quarterly and monthly contemporaries treat the divine art as non-existent. It contains no less than two musical articles, one "a Study of Character" of Franz Liszt, a portion of which we reproduce elsewhere, the other, a brief but sympathetic description of the Bayreuth Festival plays, from the pen of Lady Folkestone.

MR. DUVAL'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Mr. Charles Duval, in his entertainment—"Odds and Ends"—at the Princes' Hall, draws considerably upon his fund of musical talent. His illustrations in character are each and all supplemented with an appropriate song, of which both words and music are generally Mr. Duval's own. Still more noteworthy is the fact of Mr. Duval's effective rendering of his ditties, whether they be set for soprano, alto, tenor or baritone voice; in all registers the clever entertainer seems equally at home. The merriest and most genial of his impersonations is undoubtedly that of Terry O'Reilly, the Irish boy, which we can well believe to be a "life-portrait," genuine and uncaricatured. The violin and cornet performances of the Circassian Glinka family are clever and rather overpoweringly vigorous, eliciting much applause. The singing of Count Magri gives evidence of some degree of musical knowledge on the part of the dwarf, and is curious and interesting from a physiological point of view. The two brothers appear to greater advantage in a pantomimic scene, dealing with the troubles of a poet in distress. The widow of General Tom Thumb, now the Countess Magri, contributes a sentimental ballad, "Thy voice is near."

FOREIGN.

PARIS, August 29.—New lighting experiments are being tried at the Opéra, and it has been found possible so to control the stage lighting, by the help of course of electricity, that gradual effects of darkening and illuminating may be produced. The harsh and unnatural changes from "daylight" to "night," in a series of jerky lowerings of gas jets will thus be a thing of the past on this stage, and will make way for the gradual shades of dusk and twilight, dawn and sunrise—an improvement of great importance in the department of scenic management. *La Juive* was given at the Opéra last Monday with Madame Caron and M. Duc, the young tenor who is already gaining a reputation amongst foreigners as well as Parisians; on Wednesday *L'Africaine* with Escalaïs, Milles, Dufranc and d'Ervilly; and on Friday, *Faust*, when Madame Rose Caron aroused considerable enthusiasm by her original representation of the character of Marguerite. To-morrow's performances are in honour of M. Chevreul who is expected to show himself in the President's box. Gayarré is studying the French of *La Favorita* in view of his return for a short time to the boards of the Opéra; he has however, been engaged for the winter at Madrid, at 7000 francs a night. M. Ambrose Thomas has passed through Paris on his way to Brittany, and has taken with him no less than three MSS., which will occupy a great deal of his attention, it is supposed, during his so-called holiday. These three libretti, or portions of libretti, are all penned by M. Jules Barbier, and are upon the subjects of *Circé*, for the Opéra Comique, and Shakespeare's *Tempest* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, for which ballets and recitatives have to be composed.—The reproduction of Halévy's *Jaguarita* at the Opéra Populaire was no very great success, though Mlle. Henriette Levasseur pleased the audience by her good acting and the wonderful flexibility of her voice. On Thursday the conductor, M. de La Chaussée was presented with a handsome *bâton*, with an address signed by the artists of the Château d'Eau, including the orchestra and chorus, and headed by M. Milliaud.

DEATHS.—In Paris, Madame Soubiran, daughter of the singer Pierre-Jean Garat, aged 84.—At Bologna, Madame Adelina Spech-Salvi, a celebrated singer of fifty years ago. At the age of sixteen she made her *début* in London, as the page in *Comte Ory*, and she was forthwith engaged by Rossini and Leverini for the Italian operas of London and Paris. Since then Madame Spech-Salvi sang principally in Italy, and after a career of great brilliancy as actress and singer, she retired to Bologna where she established a singing-school. She married Lorenzo Salvi, a distinguished tenor.—At Cairo, the tenor Tessori, husband of Madame Linda Corsi of the Dal Verme in Milan.—At Chemnitz, August Wilhelm Mejo, aged 95.—At Stockholm, Auguste Olander, composer and violinist. His works comprise a symphony, a mass, psalms, quartets, a sextet, songs, etc.

It is announced that the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, is to re-open on September 4, with *Robert le Diable*.

Massenet is going to conduct the first performance in Ghent of *Le Cid*. *Les Templiers* and *Lohengrin* are in preparation at the same opera house.

The prospectus of the Italian Opera Company at Moscow announces the engagement of Madame Durand, Miss Russell, and M. Maurel, amongst other singers.—An amateur singer, Madame Kartsew of St. Petersburg, is about to make her *début* under the name of Alessandra Sandri in the rôle of Marguerite, at an Italian theatre.

During September and October a galaxy of stars will visit Copenhagen, namely: Adelina Patti, Christine Nilsson, Pauline Lucca, Anna Judic, and Mierswinski.

The Philharmonic Academy of Rome has chosen the oratorio *St. Elizabeth* for performance in commemoration of Liszt.

The opera *Iride* by Vigoni is to be produced at the small town of Ostiglia, in Venetia.

A noteworthy revival in Berlin will be that of Gotter's *Medea*, with Benda's music, revised by Schachner. The work originally appeared in 1775.

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